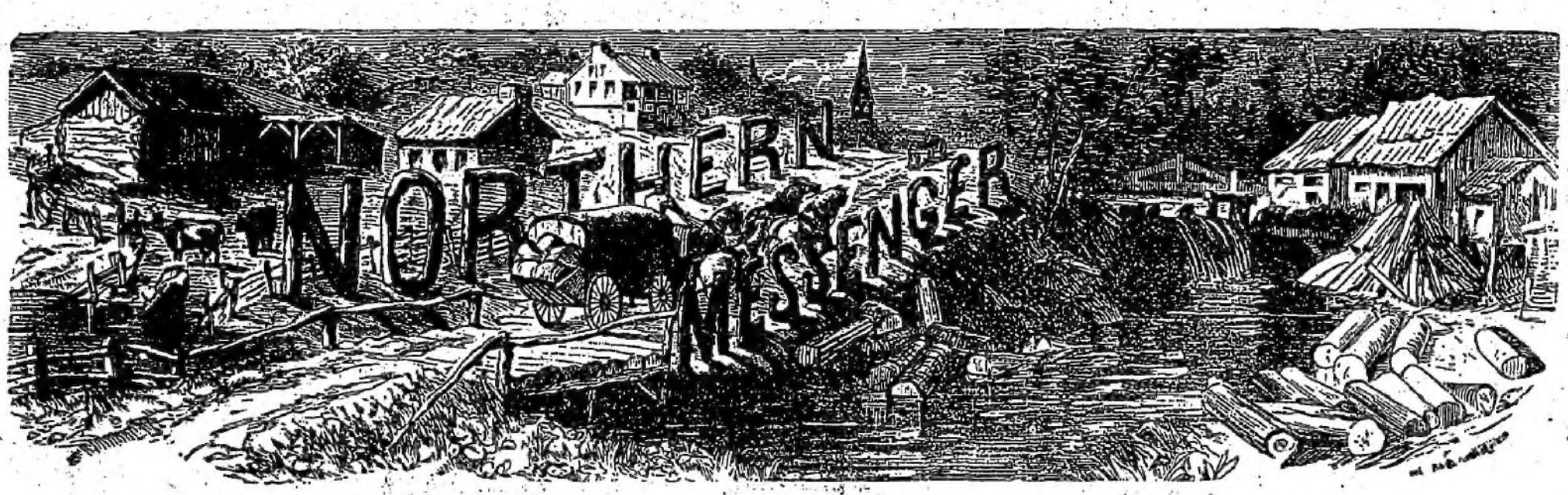


DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIV. No. 12. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1889. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

BERNARD PALISSY'S CHOICE.

The fame of Palissy the Potter cannot outshine the honor of Palissy the Huguenot. Our illustration depicts one of the final incidents of his life. After the long years of travail in which he won the secret of his art, the products of his genius were held in such regard that in the massacre of St. Bartholomew his life was protected; slay the potter, and there could be no more of his pottery. His sturdy faith, however, made him many enemies. Once he narrowly escaped imprisonment and death. At last there came a time when the artifices of friends in power could no longer shield him. He was an old man of seventy-six when he was arrested and sent to the Bastile, and the last four years of his life were spent within its walls. King Henry III., "starched, frilled, and curled," used to visit him there. Two fair young girls shared the later period of his imprisonment. "My good man," said the king, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted." "Sire," answered the old man, "you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay." The girls were executed a few months later, and Palissy died in the Bastille.—*English Paper.*

HENRY III. VISITS BERNARD PALISSY IN THE BASTILE.

GOD will stain the pride of all glory; for indeed all pride would stain his glory.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM MR. MOSSBACK TO BRO. TIGHTFIST.

Dear brother: When the collector for foreign missions called upon you for your subscription the other day, I understand that you told her that it was quite preposterous to give so much money for a parcel of heathen in the middle of Africa. As for you, when you had any money to give, you were not going to send it so far away from home. America was good enough for you and a good enough place in which to spend your money. By-and-by came the time for the home missionary collection and another solicitor asked you for your contribution for that purpose. You told him that home missions were all very well, but, as for you, you believed in city missions, and you wished to see the dirty hoodlums around the church door converted before you sent your money off to Dakota. It was not long before the cause of city missions was presented and the good minister thought surely you would give largely to this cause, but what was his surprise to find that you had so many poor relatives of your own that "you could not pretend to take care of other people's relatives," and then you quoted, with great unction, the oft-perverted Scripture, "If a man provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Of course, the minister gave up all hopes of aid for city missions, but when he came to ask your relatives about the matter, he found that you were your own poorest relative, and that your own bank account swallowed up all the pennies you could get together.

Now, dear brother, you think that you deceive the world and make people believe that you are generous by playing off these various causes one against another, but no one is deceived. It would be a good deal more honest and quite as well for your reputation if you should say frankly when the next collector comes to you: "I'm going to hold on to my money just as long as I can, and when I can no longer clutch it, I'll leave it for my heirs and the lawyers to quarrel over." That doesn't look so well on paper, but it has the advantage of being honest. It has hard to deceive your fellow-men, and still harder to deceive the angels. Your friend, A MOSSBACK, in *Golden Rule.*

AUBERT GALLION QUE
JUN 14 1889

HOW, WHEN, WHERE, WHY?

You ask me *how* I gave my heart to Christ?
I do not know.
There came a yearning for him in my soul
So long ago.
I found earth's flowerets would fade and die,
I wept for something that would satisfy;
And then—and then somehow I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart to him in prayer.
I do not know—
I can not tell you how,
I only know
He is my Saviour now.

You ask me *when* I gave my heart to Christ?
I can not tell
The day, or just the hour, I do not now
Remember well.
It must have been when I was all alone
The light of his forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
I think—I think 'twas then I let him in.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you when,
I only know
He is so dear since then.

You ask me *where* I gave my heart to Christ?
I can not say.
That sacred place has faded from my sight,
As yesterday.
Perhaps he thought it better I should not
Remember where. How I should love that spot—
I think I could not tear myself away.
For I should want, forever, there to stay.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you where,
I only know
He came and blessed me there.

You ask me *why* I gave my heart to Christ?
I can reply:
It is a wondrous story: listen while
I tell you why
My heart was drawn, at length, to seek his face;
I was alone, I had no resting place;
I heard of how he loved me, with a love
Of depth so great—of height so far above
All human ken,
I longed such love to share
And sought it then,
Upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me *why* I thought this loving Christ
Would heed my prayer?
I know he died upon the cross for me—
I nailed him there!
I heard his dying cry, "Father, forgive!"
I saw him drink death's cup that I might live;
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame,
He called me—and in penitence I came,
He heard my prayer!
I can not tell you *how*
Nor *when* nor *where*;
Why I have told you now.

—*F. G. Brown.*

THE DEFENCE OF GIBRALTAR.

On Wednesday, March 13, a novel and interesting series of operations was carried out at Gibraltar, with a view to test the promptitude with which the garrison of the famous Rock could turn out to resist a sudden attack by a powerful ironclad fleet. The supposed enemy, says the *Illustrated London News*, was represented by the "Channel Squadron," under the command of Vice-Admiral Baird, and consisting of H.M.S. "Northumberland" (flag-ship), the "Agincourt," "Monarch," "Iron Duke," and "Curlew." The "general idea" of the operations was that a hostile fleet was known to be cruising in the vicinity, and that an attack on the Rock might be made. The squadron left Gibraltar on Friday, March 8, and proceeded to the westward, returning to the eastward through the Straits under cover of the night.

The Governor of Gibraltar, General the Hon. Sir Arthur Hardinge, issued orders for the whole garrison to stand to their arms at dawn, on March 13 and subsequent days, until the attack should be made; but by his express command no batteries were to be manned, or any troops moved from their alarm posts, until the signal was given that an attack was imminent. The alarm signal ordered was that of three guns fired in rapid succession from the Upper Signal-Station on the summit of the Rock, to be followed, after a short pause, by two more shots. It was a matter of complete uncertainty as to the direction from which the attack would be made.

Every detail was carefully carried out, as if the impending attack was a real affair. The telegraphic communication between the various parts of the Rock was supplemented by signallers; arrangements were made for the ready supply of reserve ammunition for all arms; and the medical authorities established dressing stations, at numerous points of the Rock, to render "first aid" to those who might chance to be numbered amongst the "wounded." Day broke on Wednesday, the 13th, with a "Levanter," and the heavy clouds hanging about rendered any distant view a matter of difficulty. However, before it had become actually daylight, the alarm guns gave notice that the enemy had been sighted. The troops turned out with great promptitude, being all at their assigned stations in less than a quarter of an hour, and were shortly ordered to various points commanding the east side of the Rock. As day broke, the hostile ships were to be discerned steaming in single line ahead, from the north-east, along the back of the Rock, and about 5,000 yards from it. The flag-ship, followed by the "Monarch" and the "Agincourt," proceeded towards Europa Point, whilst the "Iron Duke" and the "Curlew" stood close in to the eastern beach, so as to engage the northern defences of the fortress. The first shot was fired by the flag-ship, shortly before six o'clock in the morning, at the southern defences. It was replied to, in less than three minutes, by the Europa batteries, and very shortly the engagement became general. The plan of tactics employed by the squadron was that of steaming rapidly up and down, and concentrating their fire in turn on the various shore batteries. Later on, the whole squadron assembled off Europa Point, and fired broadsides by electricity as they steamed past at full speed. The spectacle at this moment was a very fine one, the roar of the heavy guns of the ships being supplemented by the sharp, rapid report of the quick-firing guns, which were supposed to be sending a storm of small shell amongst the defenders of the Rock. The incessant rattle of the ships' machine-guns was also heard in the intervals between the thundering broadsides of heavy ordnance. All the ships were, of course, cleared for action, with topmasts and yards sent down, and it is needless to say they looked exceedingly workmanlike and formidable.

The various batteries on the Rock replied with great vivacity, and the general effect produced as gun after gun was brought to bear on the ships, and the white smoke wreathed itself round the many crags and precipices of the grim old Rock, was a sight long to be remembered. The exercise afforded to both branches of the service was undoubtedly most instructive. Our illustration is a sketch by Captain Willoughby Verner from one of the batteries above the Europa Flats, at which point the Governor took up his position to watch the operations.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Mrs. C. was a woman of prayer and great benevolence, and for years her prayers and alms had gone up, like those of Cornelius, as a "memorial before God;" yet she understood not the nature of the simple faith and childlike trust that claims the promise, "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." So, when a beloved brother was sick, and apparently near death, she went mourning about her domestic duties as though all refuge had failed.

Her little son, five years old, noticed her grief, and inquired its cause. After hearing her reply, that it was occasioned by his uncle's illness, he mused awhile, and said:—

"Mamma, should we not ask God for whatever we want?"

She replied, "Certainly, my son."

"Then," said he, "why don't you ask him to cure Uncle Samuel?"

The question, so brief and artless, opened her heart to a new revelation of the exceeding richness of the promises to believers, and the simplicity of the prayer of faith; and, though she had presented her brother's case in a general way to the court of heaven, she now felt she had failed to comply in the true spirit with the injunction, "Call upon me in the day of trouble," and she could not claim the promise, "I will answer thee." And, with a heart throbbing with an enlarged sense of the sweet union between the soul and God, she hastened to her closet, and there wrestled in spirit, like Jacob with the angel, for the restoration of her dear brother to life and health, and the guardianship of his large family of helpless little children. And, feeling the witness within that she asked "according to his will" (1 John 5: 14-15), she left her kneeling place, assured she was heard, and should receive.

The next morning her brother was better, and, as she retired to give thanks, the question presented itself, "Why did I not ask also for the salvation of his soul?" (He was not a Christian.) Then, with the same intense earnestness, she prayed that his sins might be blotted out, and his name written in the Lamb's book of life. In this, too, she was heard, and her brother arose from his sick-bed a new man in Christ Jesus, erected a family altar, and taught his children the way of holiness, as commanded in Deut. 6: 7.

He now rests from his labors, as do most of his children, and his good sister C.; but the promise remains the same. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—*Selected.*

INDIVIDUALIZING EFFORT.

The Sunday-school teacher, however capable and diligent, is only on the threshold of his work, if he does not follow up his Sunday and class instruction by week-day and personal approaches. I think of a large Bible class, whose members for years are almost uniformly brought into the church by this individualizing effort; and among them are to-day valuable missionaries and ministers and Christian workers. I never understood the secret of a certain teacher's success in bringing class after class to Christ, till I found that he was continually devising ways of meeting his boys during the week, having them at his house, inviting them to come and see him work at the interesting handicraft which he followed, and going off with them on holiday excursions into the suburbs.—*Intelligencer.*

In Calling Attention to the necessity of more reverence and seriousness in the Sunday-school, Rev. Daniel Wise says: "Instead of being run down by that spirit, the school will grow through it into an institution of moral and spiritual power. There is no instance in the history of Sunday-schools of one school being run down because it was dominated by a reverent and earnest spirit, while many a record may be found of schools that were swallowed up in the Charybdis of frivolity."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 30.

REVIEW.—Mark 16: 14-20.

QUESTIONS.

SUBJECT: THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

I. His Birth and Early Life.—When was Jesus born? In what place? Who was his mother? Give three chief incidents in his early life. Where did he spend most of his time? In what occupation? When and where was he baptized? How was he tempted?

II. The Time and Place of his Ministry.—How long did Jesus' public ministry last? In what places was most of it spent? What other countries did he visit? Name the chief cities he visited; two mountains; a lake; a river; the place where he died.

III. His Teachings.—What sermon of Jesus is recorded? In what way did he do much of his teaching? Name some of the principal parables he spoke. What are some of the great truths he taught?

IV. His Miracles.—What are some of the principal miracles Jesus wrought? Against what evils and enemies of man were they directed? What was his purpose in working miracles? Were they all miracles of help and blessing?

V. Incidents Revealing his Character.—How did Jesus gain the victory over temptation? What does his example teach us about keeping the Sabbath? What do you learn about him from his appearance in the mount of transfiguration? What from his washing his disciples' feet? from his agony in Gethsemane? from his words on the cross?

VI. The Atonement on the Cross.—Who betrayed Jesus? Where? What did he receive for it? Before whom was Jesus tried? Who mocked and reviled him? When was Jesus crucified? In what place? How long was he on the cross? How many times did he speak while he was being crucified? What events took place at his death? Where was he buried?

VII. His Resurrection.—How long was Jesus in the tomb? On what day did he rise? Give some proofs that he rose again. How many times did he appear? For how many days? Where and when was he last seen by his disciples?

VIII. The Great Commission.—What was Jesus' last message to his people? (Mark 16: 15, 16.) Who are to go? Where? What are they to teach? (Matt. 28: 19, 20.) What aids did God give them? (Mark 16: 17, 18.) Have missions been successful? Can any church succeed unless it has the missionary spirit? Is Jesus worthy of being preached everywhere? What can we do towards it?

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON I.—JULY 7.

SAMUEL CALLED OF GOD.—1 Sam. 3: 1-14.

Commit Verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. 3: 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God calls us to love and serve him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 1: 1-28.
T. 1 Sam. 2: 1-11.
W. 1 Sam. 3: 1-21.
Th. Luke 2: 46-56.
F. Matt. 18: 1-14.
Sa. Ps. 84: 1-12.
Su. Eccl. 12: 1-14.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Samuel ministered:* did such work as lighting lamps, opening doors, etc. *Before Eli:* under the direction of the high priest. He seems to have been a personal attendant. *Word was precious: i.e.,* rare. *No open vision:* no public prophecy, such as had been through Moses and Joshua. 3. *Ere the lamp went out: i.e.,* just before morning. *Laid down to sleep:* in one of the buildings within the court of the tabernacle, and built around it, not in the tabernacle itself. 10. *And the Lord came and stood:* in some manifest presence, or vision. Not merely a voice as before. 11. *Both the ears tingle:* with horror. 12. *All things which I have spoken:* some time before this by a prophet (1 Sam. 2: 27-31). 13. *Made themselves vile:* probably better rendered, *have cursed themselves: i.e.,* brought curses upon themselves. Eli's sons had blasphemed God and made light of him by their infamous conduct in his very presence. *He restrained them not:* and hence was partly to blame. 14. *Shall not be purged:* cleansed away, but the punishment would surely come.

SUBJECT: GOD'S CALL TO THE YOUNG.

QUESTIONS.

I. A Religious Home.—Who were Samuel's parents? (1 Sam. 1: 1-2.) Where did they live? What shows that they were truly pious people? (1 Sam. 1: 3, 10, 11, 21; 2: 1, 19.) What is the advantage to a child in being brought up in a religious home? What religious influences should be in a true home? How does attendance upon church and Sunday-school aid the religious training at home?

II. The Child Samuel (v. 1).—When was Samuel born? In what place? (1 Sam. 1: 1.) To what service did his mother devote him? (1 Sam. 1: 11, 28.) How old was he when he went to the house of God to live? What did Jesus do when he was 12 years old? (Luke 2: 41-50.) Where was the tabernacle? (1 Sam. 1: 3.) What kind of a boy was Samuel? (2: 26.) What is said of Jesus' boyhood? (Luke 2: 40, 52.) What can you tell about Samuel's after life? Did his being a good boy help him to be a good man?

III. The Call of God (vs. 1-10).—What did Samuel do in the house of God? (vs. 1, 15.) How early can we do something for God's house? How young should children join the church? What is meant by the word of the Lord being precious? by "no open vision"?...Where did Samuel sleep? What took place one night? Relate the story. How did Samuel at last learn who called him? How did he show his obedient and pious spirit? In what ways does God call you? How by his Spirit? How by conscience? How by the Bible? How by religious services? How by the example of others? By what providences has he spoken to you? What does he call you to do? What should be your reply to him?

IV. A Message from God (vs. 11-14).—What was God's message to Samuel? By whom had he sent similar word to Eli before this? (1 Sam. 2: 27-34.) What did Eli ask Samuel the next morning? (v. 17.) Did Samuel find it hard to tell him? (v. 15.) Is it good for us sometimes to have hard duties to do? Why?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. It is a great blessing to have pious parents.
II. Children can become Christians in very early life.
III. By doing the duties of childhood well they are prepared for greater things in after life.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1889.)

1. Apr. 7.—The Triumphal Entry.—Mark 11: 1-11.
2. Apr. 14.—The Rejected Son.—Mark 12: 1-12.
3. Apr. 21.—The Two Great Commandments.—Mark 12: 28-34.
4. Apr. 28.—Destruction of the Temple Foretold.—Mark 13: 1-13.
5. May 5.—The Command to Watch.—Mark 13: 24-37.
6. May 12.—The Anointing at Bethany.—Mark 14: 1-9.
7. May 19.—The Lord's Supper.—Mark 14: 12-26.
8. May 26.—Jesus betrayed.—Mark 14: 43-51.
9. June 2.—Jesus Before the Council.—Mark 14: 55-65.
10. June 9.—Jesus before Pilate.—Mark 15: 1-20.
11. June 16.—Jesus Crucified.—Mark 15: 21-39.
12. June 23.—Jesus Risen.—Mark 16: 1-13.
13. **June 30.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—Mark 16: 14-20; 1 Cor. 8: 4-13.**

(Third Quarter, 1889.)

1. **July 7.—Samuel called of God.—1 Sam. 3: 1-14.**
2. July 14.—The Sorrowful death of Eli.—1 Sam. 4: 1-18.
3. July 21.—Samuel the Reformer.—1 Sam. 7: 1-12.
4. July 28.—Israel asking for a king.—1 Sam. 8: 4-20.
5. Aug. 4.—Saul Chosen of the Lord.—1 Sam. 9: 15-27.
6. Aug. 11.—Samuel's Farewell Address.—1 Sam. 12: 1-15.
7. Aug. 18.—Saul Rejected by the Lord.—1 Sam. 15: 10-23.
8. Aug. 25.—The Anointing of David.—1 Sam. 16: 1-13.
9. Sept. 1.—David and Goliath.—1 Sam. 17: 32-51.
10. Sept. 8.—David and Jonathan.—1 Sam. 20: 1-13.
11. Sept. 15.—David sparing Saul.—1 Sam. 21: 4-17.
12. Sept. 22.—Death of Saul and his Sons.—1 Sam. 31: 1-13.
13. Sept. 29.—Review and Temperance.—1 Sam. 25: 23-31 and 35-38.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A MONDAY DINNER.

The best plan in small, plain families, for a Monday dinner, is so to provide that there will be cold meat to warm over, and the warming over need not necessarily be hash or stew. If care is taken not to overcook a roast on Sunday, and it is carved fairly and evenly (and by all means learn enough of the art of carving to accomplish this), lay it flat on a dripping-pan, cover it well with dripping from the day before, not the gravy, keep that to warm separately, and put it in a very hot oven at a quarter past twelve o'clock for a one o'clock meal; at half past, put potatoes to boil, and a few minutes later, peas, beans, asparagus, cauliflower or cabbage. Always put any fresh vegetable in boiling water. Beets or carrots should be put on to boil at twelve and turnips at a quarter past. If you make it understood in your kitchen that vegetables take a certain time, make that time known and insist on it being remembered, there will be fewer spoiled vegetables. Also, remember that the vegetables are to be ruled by the meat. Take pains to understand your oven, and you will soon learn how long the piece of meat required by your family will take to roast, then let the vegetables be cooked according to the following table:

TIME-TABLE FOR BOILING VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, half an hour, unless small, when rather less.

Peas and asparagus twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Cabbage and cauliflower, twenty-five minutes to half an hour.

String-beans, if slit or sliced slantwise and thin, twenty-five minutes; if only snapped across, forty minutes.

Green corn, twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Lima beans, if very young, half an hour, old, forty to forty-five minutes.

Carrots and turnips, forty-five minutes when young, one hour to one and a half in winter.

Beets, one hour in summer, one hour and a half, or two hours, in winter. Very large ones take four hours.

Onions, medium size, one hour.

Rule.—All vegetables to go into fast boiling water to be quickly brought to the boiling point again, not left to steep in the hot water before boiling, which wilts them and destroys color and flavor.

This time-table must always be regulated by the hour at which the meat will be done. If the meat should have to wait five minutes for the vegetables, there will be a loss of punctuality, but the dinner will not be damaged; but if the vegetables are done, and wait for the meat, your dinner will certainly be much the worse, yet so general is the custom of over-boiling vegetables or putting them to cook in a haphazard way, somewhere about the time, that very many people would not recognize the damage; they would very quickly see the superiority of vegetables just cooked the right time, but would attribute it to some superiority in the article itself, that they were fresher, and finer, not knowing that the finest and freshest, improperly cooked, are little better than the poor ones.

I repeat, the meat must be the standard, and that it may be so, and dinner not a movable feast, always see that the oven and fire are arranged for baking one hour before your meat is to go in; meat put into a cool oven is never well cooked and, in summer, quite spoiled.

Perhaps I should say, in this connection, that after breakfast the fire should be made up—that is, coals thrown on as far as the top of the bricks, not higher, or it will choke, the draughts closed, and then it can be left until, say eleven, for a one o'clock meal (unless a large joint is to be cooked, when as much earlier as necessary). At eleven, or earlier, rake the ashes out, open the draughts, and see that everything is favorable to making a hot fire; when nearly red at the top, showing the coals have all burned through, shut off some part of the draught, so that the fire may not exhaust itself by drawing up the chimney. Should it become a fiercely-glowing mass almost white heat, the coals are almost exhausted already, the draughts have been open too long. Sprinkle on a thin layer of coals, just to cover the red; it will not check the oven, but simply give something to burn on, otherwise having once attained the white heat point, it would begin to die off just as you need its strength.

If the fire is required for ironing, or other purposes, be careful to put on a few coals before you leave the kitchen after cooking dinner and leave it solid for the afternoon, but on days when no fire is required until the tea, burn up all the garbage from the vegetables. Potato peelings, pea shucks, etc., burn splendidly if put on a hot fire. Put no coals over them, or they will choke and smother, open all draughts so that the odor may go up the chimney, and after dinner they will be consumed and leave a glowing mass of embers, on which you throw a few coals or cinders and close up the stove as you did after breakfast.—*Progressive Housekeeping.*

THE MOTHER'S DUTY.

BY A MOTHER.

Mrs. Jellyby's attempt to found a colony in Senegambia may be an extreme case, yet there are multitudes of women imitating her by neglecting their home duties for outside service, which of itself may be truly Christian work. Every mother should consider this subject carefully.

She has one pair of hands with which to work in Christ's vineyard. With these she can expect to accomplish a certain amount of work, of which she must give account in the final reckoning.

Now let her decide what that work shall be. God has given precious souls into her keeping, that, as his steward, she may prepare them for eternity.

Does she ever think what vast possibilities for good or evil one little soul may involve, not only in its personal relation to the Most High, but as it affects humanity at large?

Who can measure the influence of a single life, as we see it; much more as it reaches forward to influence generations yet unborn.

Surely the mother's first care is for her child. This one grand duty is made up of a great number of lesser duties, and until each one is faithfully performed the mother is absolved from all obligations to society or the church.

Experience has demonstrated that a love for heavenly things is far more likely to be evolved from a healthy body, than from physical deformity or disordered digestion. Capability to prepare healthful food is, therefore, among the mother's first duties to her child. To insure the health and happiness of her little flock, and instil into their minds the two great commandments are no light tasks. Each must be accompanied by earnest thought and constant prayer. Nothing but communion with Divine Love can give the mother that wisdom and patience which place the little feet in the right craft and guide them over the first shoals.

My work at home lies with the olive branches
Thou'st planted there.
To train them meekly for the heavenly garden
Needs all my care.

I may not in the woods and on the mountains
Seek thy lost sheep;
At home a little flock of tender lambkins
'Tis mine to keep.

Thou givest to thy servants each his life-work;
No trumpet tone
Will tell the nations, in triumphant pealing,
How mine was done.

But 'twill be much if, when the task is ended,
Through grace from thee,
I give thee back, undimmed, the radiant jewels
Thou gavest me.

—*Christian at Work.*

THE FEVER LEFT HER.

We cannot minister while heart-fever of any kind is on us. We may still go on with our work, but we cannot do it well; and there will be little blessing in it. There is a little story of a busy woman's life which illustrates this lesson. She was the mother of a large family, and, being in plain circumstances, was required to do her own work. Sometimes, in the multitude of her tasks and cares, she lost the sweetness of her peace, and, like Martha, became troubled or worried with her much serving. One morning she had been unusually hurried, and things had not gone smoothly. She had breakfast to get for her family, her husband to care for as he hasted away early to his work, and her children to make ready for school. There were other household duties which filled the poor, weak woman's hands, until her strength was well-nigh utterly exhausted. And she had not gone through it all that morning in a sweet, peaceful way. She had allowed herself to lose her patience, and to grow fretful, vexed, and unhappy. She had spoken quick, hasty, petulant words to her husband and her children. Her heart had been in a fever of irritation and disquiet all the morning.

When the children were gone, and the pressing tasks were finished, and the house was all quiet, the tired woman crept upstairs to her own room. She was greatly discouraged. She felt that her morning had been a most unsatisfactory one; that she had sadly failed in her duty; that she had grieved her Master by her want of patience and gentleness, and had hurt her children's lives by her fretfulness and her ill-tempered words. Shutting the door, she took up her Bible and read the story of the healing of the sick woman: "He touched her hand, and the fever left her; and she arose, and ministered unto them."

"Ah," she said, "if I could have had that touch before I began my morning's work, the fever would have left me, and I should then have been prepared to minister sweetly and peacefully to my family." She had learned that she needed the touch of Christ to make her ready for beautiful and gentle service.

There are many busy mothers to whom this lesson might be almost a revelation. No hands are fuller of tasks, no heart is fuller of cares than the hands and the heart of a mother of a large family of young children. It is little wonder if sometimes they lose their sweetness of spirit. But here is the lesson: Let them wait on their knees each morning, before they begin their work, for the touch of Christ's hand upon their heart. Then the fever will leave them, and they can enter with calm peace on the work of the long, hard day.—*S. S. Times.*

REMEMBER THE FAMILY ANNIVERSARIES.

As a people, we pay far too little attention to birthdays and other family anniversaries. Too much cannot be done to make home attractive, so that our boys and girls will prefer it to all other places.

"This has been the nicest day I ever knew," said a boy to his mother one evening. "The birds have all been singing, and the sun has shone every minute, and everything has been so lovely just for your birthday mamma, and I'm so glad!" and he emphasized his gladness with a hearty hug and kiss. For weeks the boy had been looking forward to this day, planning and making a little birthday gift as a surprise, and when the time came, his whole mind was given to making his mother happy.

"But it's so much trouble to celebrate birthdays," complain some mothers, "and in large families they come so often." Yes, it is some trouble; but how can we keep our children contented and happy at home without taking trouble? And no mother regrets the trouble when she sees her children regarding their home as the very best place in the world. Try to celebrate the birthdays one year, and see if it does not "pay," in the enjoyment of the whole family. Let no one be forgotten, from father to baby, and try to have each one interested in all the others, planning, if possible, some little birthday gift. No matter how simple or trifling it may be, the love and thoughtfulness which go with it will make it precious.—*American Agriculturist.*

RECIPES.

SOUPS WITHOUT MEAT.

BY M. F. HARMAN.

In the spring time the stock-pot may be set aside and lighter soups substituted with profit to every one. Soups composed of vegetables are particularly appetizing, and the onion soup which follows, to those who like this vegetable, is wholesome and delicious.

ONION SOUP.—Put in a sauce-pan one tablespoonful of butter; nice beef-dripping will do if butter is not plentiful. When melted add three sliced onions, cook until brown, stirring constantly. Then add half a cupful of flour; stir this also until brown, careful not to let it burn. Now add one pint of boiling water, pepper and salt. Let it boil two or three minutes, and set on one side of the range. When ready to serve add one quart of boiling milk and three freshly boiled, mashed potatoes. After the potatoes are mashed they should be thinned gradually with milk before being added to the soup. If liked, croutons of bread may be served with it.

CORN SOUP.—One pint of canned corn, chopped fine. Pour over this one pint of hot water. In another sauce-pan heat one quart of milk with a slice of onion, pepper and salt. Mix together two tablespoonfuls butter and the same of flour, and when the milk boils, add a little at a time until the mixture is perfectly smooth; stir this into the milk and cook five minutes. Then add the corn, first removing the bit of onion, and serve. This may be made of green corn in summer, in which case it should be grated and cooked half an hour. This is an excellent soup.

POTATO SOUP.—Pare six or eight potatoes and boil until very tender. In another saucepan heat one quart of milk with one stalk of celery and a large slice of onion. Mash the potatoes thoroughly, add the boiling milk, pepper and salt and one tablespoonful of butter. Strain and serve immediately, as it is injured by standing. A little cream added at the last moment is a great improvement, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley makes a pleasant change.

TOMATO SOUP.—Fry half an onion cut in slices in one tablespoonful of butter until it is brown; add to this one quart of tomatoes and two cups of boiling water and a little parsley. Let it cook about fifteen minutes and strain. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with one of butter and add a little of the tomato. When perfectly smooth, stir into the soup and cook a few minutes. Season with pepper and salt and one teaspoonful of sugar. The sugar corrects any unpleasant acidity in the tomatoes, and is a great improvement. This soup may be made early in the day and heated very hot at serving time; it should be strained before heating, if there are any lumps in it, as sometimes happens. If thick and smooth as it should be, this soup is fully equal to any served at the best restaurants. A cupful of croutons put in the tureen at the last minute adds greatly to the flavor.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Peel and slice six onions, six potatoes, two carrots and two turnips; fry them in one cupful of butter or nice beef-dripping until brown, but not burned, and pour on them four quarts of boiling water. Add a little celery and parsley and a cabbage leaf, or two if available. Season well and stew gently for four hours and strain. Serve with croutons of bread.

CROUTONS.—Cut a slice of bread into cubes, fry in butter or nice dripping until brown and add to soup at the moment of serving. These may be prepared early in the day and kept hot in the hot closet of the range. They are a great addition to most clear soups.—*New York Observer.*

COPPER CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, and four cups of flour, cinnamon to taste, or a little lemon.

OATMEAL BREAD.—One quart fresh oatmeal, two quarts of water, let stand half a day or over night. When ready to bake, add one quart of fine or Graham flour, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful fine salt, two teaspoonsful baking powder; mix with a spoon. No kneading is required. If too stiff, add water.

PUZZLES—NO. 12.

DIAMOND.

1. A vowel. 2. In equal quantity. 3. To entice. 4. A language. 5. Sensitive. 6. To relieve (phonetic). 7. A consonant. GEO. E. SMITH.

EASY ENIGMA.

My whole consists of 36 letters and is a motto.
My 20, 7, 28, 24, 18, 22, is to confine with a rope.
My 33, 3, 29, 10, is a noose.
My 1, 5, 26, 4, 27, 11, pertains to a year.
My 16, 15, 13, 36 is unwell.
My 8, 32, 19, 21, 2, is frequent.
My 6, 25, 23 is a domestic animal.
My 35, 31, 29, 14, is one who prepares food.
My 6, 12, 17, is a young animal.
My 9, 34, 11, 33, is not empty.

JAMES BURNETT.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I'm in honesty and stealth,
I'm in poverty and wealth,
I'm in wilderness and grove,
I'm in providence and love,
I'm in servitor and boy,
I'm in yellowish and grey,
I'm in rendezvous and home,
I'm in testament and tome,
I'm in humanity and breath,
I'm in eternity and death,
I'm in loyalty and soil,
I'm in royalty and spoil,
I'm in soberness and mirth,
I'm in density and dearth.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.

Behead and curtail:

1. A kind of watch and leave a woman's name.
2. A small horse and leave a preposition.
3. A number and leave departed.
4. Way and leave a girl's name.
5. Pigs and leave to conquer.
6. A weight and leave a weight.
7. To teach and leave a part of the head.
8. A title and leave close to.
9. A woman's title and leave a woman's name.
10. A color and leave a noise.

PERCY PRIOR.

England.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 11.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—DEBORAH.—

1. D-arius.....Dan. v. 31.
2. E-bedmelech.....Jer. xxxviii. 7-13; xxxix. 15-18.
3. B-ethlehem.....Matt. ii. 1-9.
4. O-thniel.....Judges i. 12, 13.
5. R-ose.....Song of Sol. ii. 1.
6. A-bijah.....I Kings xiv. 1-17.
7. H-oney.....Judges xiv. 1-14.

PATCHWORK.—

```
          T
        E R A
      P R A T E
    T O R P E D O
  O R           R A
G N U           A D A
M A I M         T O G A
P O P           I R A
  N E           O N
    T A M P I O N
      H O U R S
        O N E
          T
```

ENIGMA.—Keep thyself pure.—1 Tim. iii. 22.

The Family Circle.

HILLSIDE DREAMS.

BY LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS.

Road winding fair,
I would linger there
With the Golden-Rod
On the fragrant sod
Embroidered with blue Juniper;
I would feel the stir
Of the rustling Pine
And the singing Fir
Till my briefest line
Shall be filled with a music half divine.

I would lie and dream
By the gurgling stream
In the russet haze
Of the golden days
And watch the shadows upon the hills;
While the silver rills
Leap down and shine
Till their glory fills
My dullest line
With a music and beauty all divine.

LADDIE.

CHAPTER I.

"Third-class forward! Here you are, mum. Plenty of room this way! Now then! that ain't third, that's first. Come, look alive! All right behind there?"

Doors bang, a whistle—and the train moves off.

The guard had thrust into a third-class carriage, already nearly full, a band-box with a blue spotted handkerchief round it, and a bunch of Michaelmas daisies, southernwood, and a rosemary tucked under the knot at the top; a marketing-basket, one flap of which was raised by a rosy-cheeked apple emitting a powerful smell; a bundle done up in a handkerchief of the same pattern as that round the bandbox, only bright yellow; a large cotton umbrella of a pale green color, with a decided waist to it, and a pair of pattens! Anything else? Oh yes, of course! there was an old woman who belonged to the things, but she was so small and frightened and overwhelmed that she appeared quite a trifle beside her belongings, and might easily have been overlooked altogether. She remained just where the guard had pushed her, standing in the carriage, clutching as many of her things as she could keep hold of, and being jerked by the motion of the train, now against a burly bricklayer, and now against his red-faced wife who sat opposite, while her dazzled, blinking eyes followed the hedges and banks that whirled past, and her breath came with a catch and a gasp every time a bridge crossed the line, as if it were a wave coming over her. Her fellow-travellers watched her, in silence at first, having rather resented her entrance, as the carriage was already sufficiently full; but when a sudden lurch of the train sent her violently forward against a woman, from whom she cannoned off against the bricklayer and flattened her drawn black-satin bonnet out of all shape, the man found his tongue, which was a kind one, though slow in moving.

"Hold hard, missus!" he said; "we don't pay nothing extra for sitting down, so maybe you could stow some of them traps of yours under the seat; and make it kind of more comfortable all round. Here, mother, lend a hand with the old lady's things, can't you? That's my missus, mum, that is, my better arf, as the saying is, and no chap needn't wish for better, though I say it as shouldn't."

This remark produced a playful kick, and a "Get along with you!" from the red-faced wife, which did not show it was taken amiss, but that she was pleased with the delicate compliment, and she helped to arrange the various baskets and bundles with great energy and good-nature.

"Now that's better, ain't it? Now you can just set yourself down. Lor' bless the woman! whatever is she frightened at?"

For the bustling arrangements were seriously alarming to the old woman, who was not sure that a sudden movement might not upset the train, or that, if she let go of anything in an unguarded moment, she might not fall out and be whirled off like those hurrying blackberry bushes or patches of chalk on the embankment, though, indeed, it was only her pattens and umbrella that she was clutching as her one protection. The first thing that aroused her from her daze of fear was the bricklayer's little boy beginning to cry, or, as his mother called it, "to beller," in consequence of his mother's elbow coming sharply in contact with his head; and, at the sound, the old woman's hand let go of the umbrella and felt for the marketing-basket, and drew out one of the great yellow apples, and held it out towards the sufferer. The "bellerin" stopped instantaneously at such a refreshing sight, even while the mouth was wide open and two tears forcing their way laboriously out of the eyes. Finding that she could accomplish this gymnastic feat without any dangerous results, the old woman seemed to gain more confidence, seated herself more comfortably, straightened her bonnet, smiled at the bricklayer, nodded to the little boy, and, by the time the train stopped at the next station, felt herself quite a bold and experienced traveller.

"This ain't London. I take it?" she asked, in a little, thin, chirrupy voice.

"London? bless you! no. If you're bound for London you'll have another five hours to go before you can get there."

"Oh yes, I know as it's a terrible long way off, but we seemed coming along at such a pace as there wasn't no knowing."

"You ain't used to travelling, seemings?"

"Oh! I've been about as much as most folks. I've been to Martel a smartish few times when Laddie was there, and once I went to Bristol when I was a gal keeping company with my master, but that ain't yesterday, you'll be thinking."

"Martel's a nice place, I've heard tell?"

"So it be; but it's a terrible big place, however."

"You'll find London a pretty sight bigger."

"I know London pretty well, though I haven't never been there, for Laddie, he's been up there nigh about fifteen year, and he's told me a deal about it. I know as it's all rubbish what folks say about the streets being paved with gold and such like, though the young folks do get took in; but Laddie, he says to me, 'Mother,' says he, 'London is paved with hard work like any other town, but,' he says, 'good honest work is worth it's weight in gold any day;' so it's something more than a joke after all."

The old woman grew garrulous as the train rushed along. Laddie was a subject, evidently, upon which her tongue could not help being eloquent.

"An old hen with one chick," the bricklayer whispered to his wife; but they listened good-naturedly enough to the stories of the wonderful baby, who had been larger, fatter, and stronger than any baby before or since, who had taken notice, began teething, felt his feet, run off and said "daddy" at an incredibly early period.

Mrs. Bricklayer nodded her head and said "Really now!" and "Well, I never!" inwardly, however, reserving her fixed opinion that the infant brickbayers had outdone the wonderful Laddie in every detail of babyhood.

Father Bricklayer could not restrain a mighty yawn in the middle of a prolonged description of how Laddie's gums were lanced; but at this juncture they reached the station which was the destination of the bricklayer and his family, so the old woman was not wounded by the discovery of their want of thorough interest, and she parted from them with great regret, feeling that she had lost some quite old friends in them. But she soon found another listener, and a more satisfactory one, in a young woman, whom she had hardly noticed before, as she sat in the opposite corner of the carriage with her head bent down, neither speaking nor being spoken to. She had a very young baby wrapped in her shawl, and as one by one the other passengers left the carriage and she was left alone with the old woman, the two solitary creatures drew together in the chill November twilight, and, by-and-by, the wee baby was in the old woman's arms, and the young mother, almost a child herself, was telling her sad little story and hearing Laddie's story in return. There never had been such a son; he had got on so wonderfully at school, and had been a favorite with everyone—parson and schoolmaster; "such a headpiece the lad had!"

"Was Laddie his real name?"

"Why, no! he were christened John Clement, after his father and mine, but he called himself 'Laddie' before ever he could speak plain, and it stuck to him. His father was for making a schoolmaster of him, but Laddie he didn't take to that, so we sent him into Martel to the chemist there, to be shop-boy, and Mr. Stokes, the gentleman as keeps the shop, took to him wonderful, and spoke of him to one and another, saying how sharp he were, and such, till at last one of the doctors took him up and taught him a lot; and when he went up to London he offered to take Laddie, and said as he'd take all the expense, and as he'd make a man of him. He come to see me himself, he did, and talked me over, for I was a bit loth to let him go, for 'twas the year as the master died; he died just at fall and Laddie went at Christmas, and I was feeling a bit unked and lonesome."

"Were that long ago?"

"Yes; 'twere a goodish time. Fifteen year come Christmas."

"But you'll have seen him many a time since?"

"Well, no, I ain't. Many's the time as he's been coming down, but something always come between. Once he had fixed the very day and all, and then he were called off on business to Brighton or somewhere. That were a terrible disappointment to the boy; my heart were that sore for him as I nearly forgot how much I'd been longing for it myself."

"But he'll have wrote?"

"Bless you, yes! he's a terrible one for his mother, he is. He've not written so much of late maybe; but then folks is that busy in London they hasn't the time to do things as we has in the country; but I'll warrant he've written to me every time he had a spare moment; and so when I sees old Giles the postman come up, and I says, 'Anything for me, master?' and he says 'Nothing for you to-day, mum' (for I were always respected in Sunnybrook from a girl up), I thinks to myself, thinks I, 'it ain't for want of the will as my Laddie hasn't wrote.' And then the presents as he'd send me, bless his heart! Bank-notes it were at first, till he found as I just paid 'em into the bank and left 'em there; for what did I want with bank-notes? And then he sent me parcels of things, silk gownds fit for a duchess, and shawls all the colors of the rainbow, till I almost began to think he'd forgot what sort of an old body I be. Just to think of the likes of me in such fine feathers! And there were flannel enough for a big family, and blankets; and then he sent tea and sugar, I don't know how many pounds of it; but it were good and no mistake, and I'd like a cup of it now for you and me, my dear."

"And have he sent for you now to come and live with him?"

"No, he don't know nothing about it, and I mean to take him all by surprise. Old Master Heath, as my cottage belongs to, died this summer, and the man as took his farm wants my cottage for his shepherd, and he give me notice to quit. I felt it a bit and more, for I'd been in that cottage thirty-five year, spring and fall, and I knows every crack and cranny about it, and I fretted terrible at first; but at last I says to myself, 'Dont you go for to fret, go right off to Laddie, and he'll make a home for you and glad; and so I just stored my things away and come right off."

"He've been doing well in London?"

"Well, my Laddie's a gentleman! He's a regular doctor, and keeps a carriage, and has a big house and servants. Mr. Mason, our parish doctor, says as he's one of the first doctors in London, and that I may well be proud of him. Bless me! how pleased the boy will be to see his old mother! Maybe I shall see him walking in the streets, but if I don't I'll find his house and creep in at the back door so as he shan't see me, and tell the gal to say to the doctor (doctor, indeed! my Laddie!) as some one wants to see him very particular. And then ——." The old woman broke down here half-sobbing, half-laughing, with an anticipation too tenderly, ecstatically sweet for words. "My dear," she said, as she wiped her brimming eyes, "I've thought of it and dreamt of it so long, and to think as I should have lived to see it!"

The expectations of her travelling companion were far less bright, though she had youth to paint the future with bright hopes, and only nineteen winters to throw into the picture, dark shadows of foreboding. She had been well brought up, and gone into comfortable service, and her life had run on in a quiet, happy course, till she met with Harry Joyce.

"Folks says all manner of ill against him," said a girl's trembling voice, "but he were always good to me. I didn't know much about him except as he liked me and I liked him dearly, for he come from London at fair-time and he stopped about the place doing odd jobs, and he come after me constant. My mistress were sore set against him, but I were pretty near mad about him, so we was married without letting any folks at home know nought about it. Oh, 'yes! we was married all right. I've got my lines, as I could show you as there wasn't no mistake about it; and it were all happy enough for a bit, and he got took on as ostler at the George; and there wasn't a steadier, better behaved young feller in the place. But, oh dear! it didn't last long. He came in one day and said as how he'd lost his place and was going right off to London to get work there. I didn't say never a word, but I got up and begun to put our bits of things together; and then he says as he'd best go first and find a place for me, and I must go home to my mother. I thought it would have broke my heart, I did, to part with him; but he stuck to it and I went home. Our village is nigh upon eight miles from Merrifield, and I'd never heard a word from mother since I wrote to tell them I was wed. When I got home that day I almost thought as they'd have shut the door on me. A story had got about as I wasn't married at all, and had brought shame and trouble on my folks, and my coming home like that made people talk all the more, though I showed them my lines and told my story truthful. Well, mother took me in, and I bided there till my baby was born, and she and father was good to me, I'll not say as they wasn't; but they were always uneasy and suspicious-like about Harry, and I got sick of folks looking and whispering, as if I ought to be ashamed when I had nought to be ashamed of. And I wrote to Harry more than once to say as I'd rather come to him if he'd a hole to put me in; and he always wrote to bid me bide a bit longer, till baby come; and then I just wrote and said I must come anyhow, and so set off. But, oh! I feel skeered to think of London, and Harry maybe not glad to see me."

It was dark by this time, and the women peering out could often only see the reflection of their own faces in the windows or ghostly puffs of smoke flitting past. Now and then little points of light in the darkness told of homes where there were warm hearths and bright lights, and once, up above, a star showed, looking kindly and home-like to the old woman. "Every bit as if it were that very same star as comes out over the chin-tree by the pond, but that ain't likely all this way off."

But soon the clouds covered the friendly star, and a fine rain fell, splashing the windows with tiny drops, and making the lights outside blurred and hazy. And then the scattered lights drew closer together, and the houses formed into rows, and gas lamps marked out perspective lines: and then there were houses bordering the line on either side instead of banks and hedges, and then the train stopped, and a damp and steaming ticket-collector opened the door, letting in a puff of fog, and demanded the tickets, and was irritated to a great pitch of exasperation by the fumbling and slowness of the two women, who had put their tickets away in some place of extra safety and forgotten where that place was. And then in another minute the train was in Paddington; gas, and hurry, and noise, porters, cabs, and shrieking engines—a nightmare, indeed, to the dazzled country eyes and the deafened country ears.

(To be Continued.)

COME AND GO.

"Come" and "Go" are short words, but they express the sum of Christ's call to men. First come to him for pardon; then go for him in service. The two duties are inseparably linked together. One may well question whether he has truly come to Christ if he finds himself unwilling to go anywhere for him.—*Missionary Herald.*

THE LIBERATOR OF MEXICO.

The accompanying portrait of Don Miguel Hidalgo Castilla is from a photograph by one of the best artists of Mexico, while this, in turn, is from a magnificent oil painting which adorns the gallery of this same artist. Everything seen in the picture is historic. Hidalgo himself stands on the brick floor, in the very room where he planned his great work of independence. This is the very chair and table which served him so many years, the very clock which slowly ticked on the coming of those eventful hours which he was so soon to pass through.

A contemporary gives the following short sketch of his career. Hidalgo was born in the state of Guanajuato, on the 8th of May, 1753. He early entered the College of St. Nicholas, Morelia. After his theological course he was ordained, in 1778 or 1879, and immediately appointed curate of Dolores, in his native state.

Spain's troubles with France, in the early part of the present century, caused the crown to draw upon New Spain, Mexico, for immense amounts of money. But it soon became known in Mexico that a great portion of funds sent to the mother-country was diverted from its legitimate purpose. This naturally caused great dissatisfaction, and led to a petition, directed to the viceroy, in favor of independence from old Spain, at least while Napoleon held the king of Spain in exile, and until a constitutional order of things should be re-established.

The intrigues of resident Spanish merchants, all too jealous of the chain of monopoly which bound them to the old country, successfully frustrated this first attempt at independence. The time had not yet "fully come" nor the proper leader been brought to the front. Two short years, however, remedied both difficulties. The time came at midnight, September 15, 1810, when Hidalgo raised the cry of independence—not temporary, as in the first case, but perpetual.

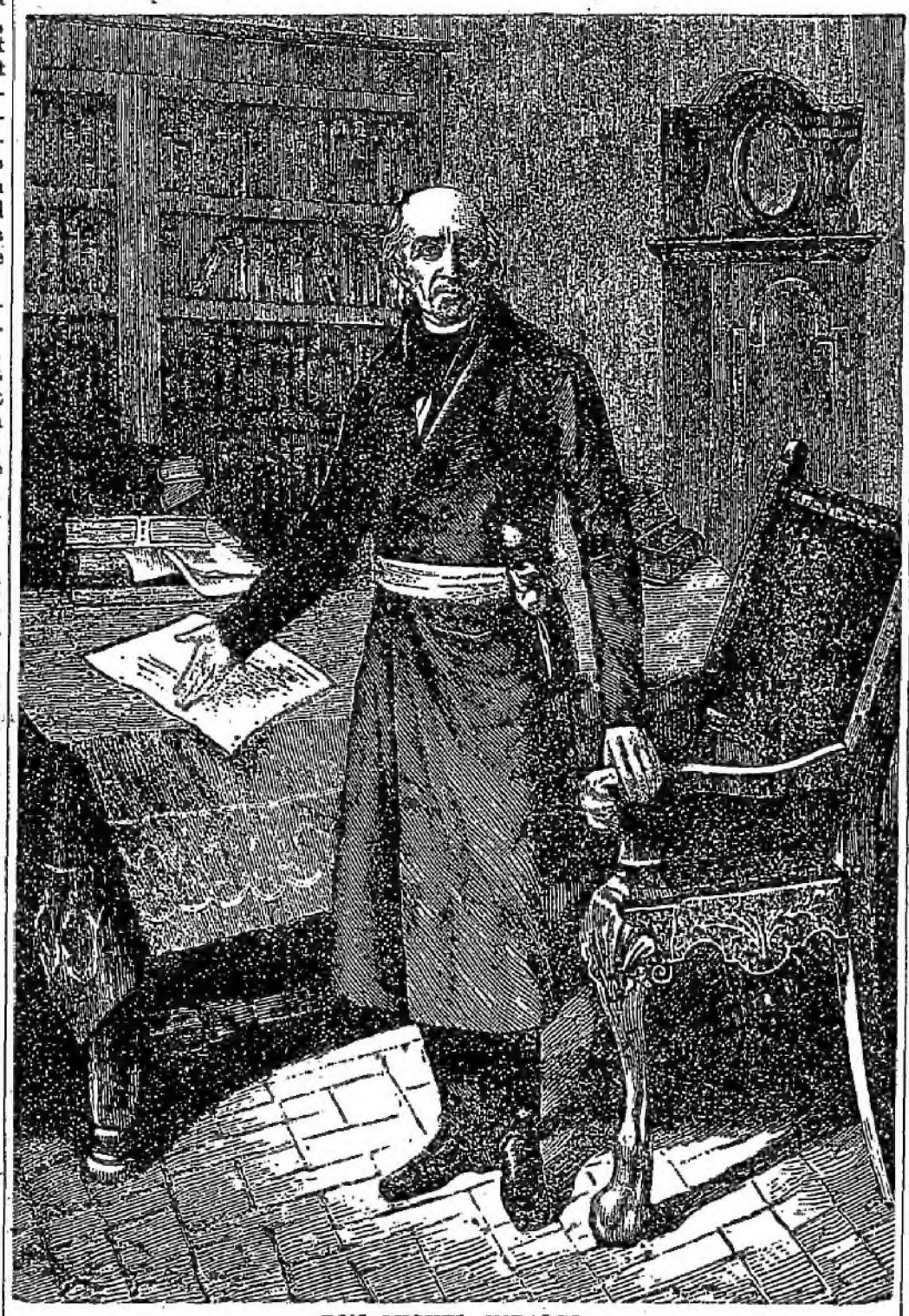
For some time past he had been laying his plans, intending to operate from Queretaro as a centre. He had here, as he supposed, several faithful and sworn followers. But one of these, Arias by name, betrayed him; whereupon most of his followers there were immediately arrested. Doña Josefa Ortiz, wife of one of these followers, despatched a private messenger to Hidalgo with information of the betrayal. Some twenty-four of his chief followers gathered that night in consultation with him. They were a sad company, deeply impressed with the danger and urgency of the situation. Hidalgo, who was walking to and fro in the room and buried in solemn thought, suddenly paused and broke the awful silence by exclaiming, "Gentlemen, we are lost; there is no remedy nor resource but to undertake the enterprise and go to catch the *gachupines*" (a scornful word still applied to the Spaniards in Mexico.).

Acting on the inspiration of his own words, assisted by ten armed men, he effected the arrest of the few Spaniards resident in his town. This was the spark that produced the great conflagration which spread over all this land. On the following morning he addressed the people of the town, who determined to follow him *en masse*. Daily as he marched on his followers rapidly increased, and victory crowned his efforts, so that within twelve days he had occupied several important towns, and his followers are said to have numbered 40,000. So general was the desire to join him, that in October he reports 80,000, and in January, about three months after his bold stroke, he had 120,000 men.

Of course the king's troops were better provided with artillery, and consequently in his attempt to get possession of Queretaro, Hidalgo's forces were broken and scattered, while he himself fell into his enemy's hands.

He was tried and condemned to death on July 27, 1811, which sentence was carried out on the 30th of the same month. But however they might wish it, his enemies could not so handle his cause. This was bound to exist and triumph, for it was the cause of justice and right.

As Hidalgo was led out to be shot he turned to the soldiers, who stood ready for the execution, and said, "My children, the right hand, which I will place upon my breast, will be the sure mark at which you are to aim." And a Mexican writer adds: "Thus died this noble old man, whose energetic will defied, in the unequal combat, both the altar and the throne, two formidable potencies, which were reigning in the consciences and interests of the people. With his powerful voice he raised up immense forces, which caused the throne of popes and kings to tremble. He symbolized the struggle of an oppressed race with its oppressors, he represented the perpetual struggle of liberty with tyranny, of truth with error, of light with darkness."



DON MIGUEL HIDALGO.

SAMOA.

While Samoa stands as the magnet to which the needles of two great nations are pointing, it is worth our while to review its history and find out why it is worthy of attraction. Were it now in the condition in which the French navigator, La Perouse, found it in 1787, when one of his officers, nine sailors and a scientific gentleman going ashore, were brutally murdered, and their bodies treated with shocking indignities, the United States could not have entered into a treaty with it, which imposes obligations upon her toward the people of that island. The French seaman wrote that the atrocities of the people were only equalled by the productions of one of the finest countries in the universe. This statement aroused the desire of Mr. Williams, of the London Missionary Society, to possess the land for God. To do this obstacles were overcome which no man would have undertaken in an enterprise which did not have the glory of God for its object. Raiatea, where Mr. Williams and his wife were laboring, was two thousand miles distant across the waters from Samoa. To leave his wife and children helpless and forlorn, with the possibility of his perishing at the hands of the natives, caused much perplexity and earnest prayer for guidance, that if he should go, sustaining grace should be given them. Erelong a hearty concurrence in his proposed effort, on the part of his wife, made the way plain. There was no ship to bear him to the distant land. So the work of preparing the vessel was the immediate duty. What a lesson for us who aspire to do great work for God, to make use of every material we handle for the construction of that which will bear us ever onward in our work. Every day's toil was given to God, though it was only in the use of hammer and nail. So this brave man with an eye single to the glory of God set to work to prepare a vessel. There was no blacksmith's forge, no saw-mill; there were almost no tools, cloth was lacking for sails and hemp for cordage. His first work was to make a pair of smith's bellows. To do this three goats were killed and their skins were used for this purpose. With very little tow, without a saw, without oakum, or cordage, or sail cloth, he made and launched a vessel, naming it the "Messenger of Peace." The bark of the hibiscus was twisted into ropes, native mats were quilted for sails, and the rudder was constructed with a piece of pick axe, a cooper's adze, and a large hoe. With one other missionary and seven native helpers he embarked May, 1830. At the first island they touched, a Samoan chief came on board begging they would take him home. He had been absent some years. He promised if they would take him, to give them aid with the people of the island. He warned them that there was a sorcerer (Tamafainga) in whom the spirit of the gods dwelt, and who was a terror to the people. If he opposed them, he bade them despair of reaching the people to instruct them in the Christian religion. Reaching the island they found the sorcerer had been killed ten or twelve days before, and that the people would give kindly welcome to those who had brought back to Samoa their beloved chief. Who, but one "born blind," whose eyes have never felt the divine touch of the Saviour's finger, can fail to see the hand of God leading this crew to their desired haven, preparing the way before them, taking the obstacles out of their way, shutting the mouth of the lion, that not even his roar should startle them as they set foot upon this heathen soil. The chief who had accompanied the missionaries became a teacher and, though not as our expositors would give the meaning, showed them how "By their fruits ye shall know them." Look, he said, at those Christian people, their heads are covered while ours are exposed to the heat and rain, their bodies are clothed with beautiful cloth while we have on only leaves. Thus was Christianity introduced on this island which holds now a Christian nation.—*Christian at Work.*

FINDING HIS GLOVES.

The minor miseries and the trifling vexations of life are the "little foxes" that destroy our happiness. The greater trials, the keener and more genuine troubles, often teach lessons that make us better. There are men who can bear with great fortitude losses in business, and the failure of cherished plans, who will storm and fume and make every one about them unhappy, if their dinners are served late at home, or they do not happen to find their hats the moment they want them. The distress caused in the world by missing shirt-buttons cannot be estimated.

Scenes like the following are not new to many households in which there is a spirit of unrest and unhappiness that only infinite patience and forbearance can endure unmoved.

"Where're my gloves?" asks Mr. Bilson, as he is putting on his overcoat before leaving the house. "I must hurry right off."

"Where did you put them?" asks his wife.

"On the hall-table, where I always put them."

"Then they must be there now."

"No, they're not!"

"I don't see who could have touched them."

"I don't either, but they're gone! It's the strangest thing that I can't"—

"Children, jump up and help find papa's gloves," says Mrs. Bilson.

The dinner-table is deserted, and a hurried, flurried search is begun by the entire household.

"You're sure you put them on the hall-table?" asks the mother.

"I know I did; but I don't suppose I'll ever see them again. I've no idea I shall."

"It is foolish to talk so," says Mrs. Bilson. "We'll find them in some place. They couldn't have gone off by themselves. Maybe you dropped them in your hat; you sometimes do."

"Well, I didn't this time; I laid them right there on that table. But let them go, let them go. I can stop down town and pay two dollars for another pair to have lost or thrown in the fire or ash-barrel. Help me on with my overcoat."

Mrs. Bilson helps her husband to put on his overcoat, and as she does so cries out, "Why, Henry, here are your gloves sticking out of your overcoat pocket just where you must have put them!"

But he goes away with a cloudy face, lacking the patience and philosophy most of us need at times.—*Youth's Companion.*

LUCK AND PLUCK.

A great deal that is called luck in this world is only the result of patient industry. A rich merchant of Liverpool, Sir Joseph Walmsley, began life as a clerk on about a hundred dollars a year. His employers were grain merchants, and the young man determined to learn all there was to know about grain. The man who had charge of the warehouse, "Old Peter," as he was called, saw the boy was anxious to learn; so, twice a week, in the morning before breakfast, the two would go together to the stores and ships, examining the different kinds of grain. Old Peter would take a handful of all sorts, English, Irish, Scotch, American, European, and, spreading them on a table, would ask the boy to tell the characteristics of each sample. The pupil was bewildered, at first, but he persevered until he became an expert in the business. Very likely the people who knew nothing of those early morning lessons called the lad lucky, as he began to amass wealth, but it is a kind of luck within the reach of every young person who is willing to work for it.—*Selected.*

I THOUGHT HE LOVED PLAY BEST.

BY LAWRENCE BROWN.

That stout and lusty boy
His eyes a well of joy,
His mouth all eloquent,
Though still to words unbent,
His cheeks like the red rose
That in your garden grows,
And he in constant quest
Of play with eager zest,
And oft enticing me
To take him on my knee,
And let him pull my hair,
To toss him in the air,
To roll him on the floor,
To hide behind the door,
And, at his merry shout,
From ambush to rush out—
That boy did what to-night?
Why, he disdained me quite!
His mother had been gone
All day to yonder town.
He in his small crib lay,
Just at the end of day.
His mother came, and I:
I held out hands: a cry
Was his unkind reply.
But when his mother's arm,
And her sweet, silent charm,
Had stilled his brief alarm,
He sweetly smiled on me.
Yet not from her dear knee
Could I by any play
Entice my boy away.
I thought he loved play best:
I must have wrongly guessed!

—*Christian at Work.*

HAVE YOU EVER MET HIM?

"How bright the stars are to-night, Miss Bardwell, I wonder what makes them twinkle so much more on some nights than they do on others?" And Frank Burton gazed up at them, with earnest, thoughtful face; then, after a minute, put his thought into words: "Miss Bardwell, I don't see how there can be infidels when they have eyes! How could all those wonderful lights get up there without being made? And when one knows that they are worlds, and that the earth we live on is one of the smallest of them, I should think anybody with common sense would see that there would have to be a God just to make them."

"I have often thought of it, Frank," Miss Bardwell said, "and I believe it is considered a very strong argument in proof of there being a God. Just as when we see a garden all laid out in squares and triangles, we know there must have been a mind at work on it."

"Of course," said Frank, "and so long as there can't be found a man who can make a star, it isn't at all likely that men made them in the first place."

"What a bright boy he is!" said Miss Bardwell to herself. "Not all boys of ten would think such deep thoughts. Here is his sister, only a year and a half younger, and she trots along with her eyes on the ground, and never remembers that there are any stars! Frank will be a smart man, and a good one, I think. One can tell by the way he speaks the name of God, that he has a great deal of reverence. Frank," she said aloud, "I hope you will always think as much about these things as you do now. It is a great thing to know about God, but it is a great deal more to obey him."

"Yes, ma'am," said Frank respectfully, "I think it is an honor to obey so great a being as God." And again his Sunday-school teacher told herself that he was certainly a very unusual boy.

You and I will go home with him, and spend a few minutes in his room, before he goes to sleep. His mother is standing beside the bed. "Frank," she says, "did you read your verses this morning?"

"No, ma'am," answers Frank, "I didn't have time."

"Then did you read them during the day?" asked his mother.

"No, mamma, I really had not a moment's time to read to-day."

"How is it that you had time to play three games of tennis this afternoon?"

"Oh! well, that was for recreation, you know; you wouldn't want me to read and study all the time, would you?"

His mother sighed. "Did you read yesterday?" she asked.

"Well, no; I got up late yesterday, you know, and things pushed me somewhat, and I didn't."

"But, my boy, did you not promise to read the verses each day?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I mean to, of course."

"I know you say so, my son, but don't you know how many times you have made the same promise, and broken it? I thought when you joined the Bible Band that you would be faithful; for you thought about it carefully and made a written promise; but I find that you neglect it a great deal of the time, while your little sister has not missed a day."

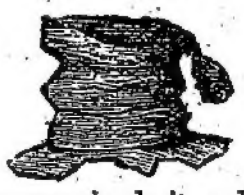
"Oh! well, mamma, she is only a girl, and does not have so many things to take up her time. But I'm going to keep my promise; don't you worry about me; good-night, mamma." And he turned over on his pillow, and went to sleep. And his mother wiped the tears from her eyes as she turned away. Her boy Frank had made promises enough about this one matter of daily Bible reading to fill his room so full that he could not get into it, if they had suddenly taken shape and appeared before him. And he had broken them all! Yet he was the boy who "thought it was an honor to obey such a great God as ours!"

Have you ever met Frank Burton?—*Pansy.*

THE ABSTAINER AND THE DRINKER.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

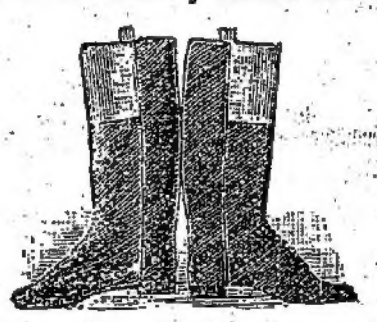
I am worn by a man who works and thinks.



And I by one who don't, and drinks.

I am the coat my master wears.

I resemble mine in terrible tears.



We guard his feet from damp and dust.

Like him we are always on the "bust."

When master thirsts he comes to me,
I cost him nothing; to all I'm free.

My master's throat I only burn,
And cost him all he can borrow or earn.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"—ISAIAH, lv., 2.

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

An interesting home-made method of natural decoration consists simply in taking a glass or goblet and placing in the interior a little common salt and water. In a day or two a slight mist will be seen upon the glass, which hourly will increase until in a very short time the glass will present a very beautiful appearance, being enlarged to twice its thickness and covered with beautiful salt crystals, packed one upon another like some peculiar fungus or animal growth.

A dish should be placed beneath the glass, as the crystals will run over. The color of the crystals may be changed by placing in the salt and water some common red ink or a spoonful of bluing, this will be absorbed and the white surface covered with exquisite tints. No more simple method of producing inexpensive or beautiful ornaments can be imagined, and by using different shapes of vases and shades an endless variety of beautiful forms can be produced. The glass should be placed where there is plenty of warmth and sunlight. It is an experiment which any child can make, and it will be found both novel and interesting to watch it growing gradually day by day, until the outside of the goblet is covered over with beautiful crystals, blue, red, or white, according to the coloring matter which has been used.

Another scientific experiment which may interest some of the older as well as the younger members of the family may be made by suspending from the ceiling a thread which has previously been soaked in very salt water and then dried. To this fasten a light ring and announce that you are about to burn the thread without making the ring fall. The thread will burn, it is true, but the ashes it leaves are composed of crystals of salt, and their cohesion is strong enough to sustain the light weight of the ring attached to the thread.

Another form of the same experiment is to make a little hammock of muslin to be suspended by four threads, and, after having soaked this in salted water, and dried it as before directed, to place in it an empty egg shell. Set the hammock on fire; the muslin will be consumed, and the flame reach the threads which hold it, without the egg falling from its frail support. With great care you may succeed in performing the experiment with a full egg in place of an empty shell, taking the precaution, however, to have it previously hard boiled, that you may escape an omelet in case of failure.

Another curious experiment is that of putting an egg into a bottle without breaking the shell. Soak the egg, which must be fresh, for several days in strong vinegar. The acid of the vinegar will eat the lime of the shell, so that while the egg looks the same it is really very soft. Only a little care is required to press the egg into the bottle. When this is done, fill it half full of lime-water, and let it stand. The shell will absorb the lime and become hard again, and after the lime water is poured off you have the curious spectacle of an egg the usual size in a small-necked bottle, which will be a great puzzle to those who do not understand how it is done.—*Exchange.*

HOW HE WAS TAUGHT.

"It's very easy to doubt," said a young man. "I actually do believe the truths of Christianity, but my faith isn't warm; it isn't living. At the very moment when I am thinking, 'Christ did live,' I find myself saying, 'Yes, but am I sure of it?' We need miracles as much as ever, in order to be thoroughly convinced."

"The hard experiences of life serve that purpose," said an older man. "Let me tell you how I gained the foothold which I have never lost.

"When I was a young man, I went to South America, hoping to travel and perfect myself in various dialects, in order afterward to gain a certain position in commercial life. I had two trades—the carpenter's and the machinist's—at my finger ends, and by means of them I supported myself for some time in various coast towns.

"Finally, I fell in with two scientists, and took a trip of several hundred miles into the interior. There we camped, making collections of plants and insects, and one of our party was sent back for letters. In due time he returned, and brought me a home letter, full of sad news.

"By it I learned that my father and mother had been thrown from a carriage, and were lying dangerously ill.

"I cannot tell you what I suffered that night, after reading the letter. Thousands of miles from home, I could not rush across the sea for one parting word with my father and mother before losing them forever.

"I could not even hear again for weeks. Perhaps they had died; perhaps they were dying at the very moment when I was sending forth my very soul on the wings of love and agony to guess at news of them.

"At that time I had no 'living faith' in God or immortality. I believed there was some sort of impersonal power about us, but whether or not we should live again, I did not attempt to decide.

"But that night, when I lay in the voiceful heat of the tropic forest, with my comrades sleeping about me, it flashed over me, 'Never see my father and mother again! It is impossible. Somewhere they are alive; somewhere they love me as I do them.'

"But I thought, even if that is true, what comfort is there for me in my trouble? And it came to me like a shock, sudden, overwhelming, that I needed Christ to comfort me, to show me the way, to say, 'I, too, have felt mortal agony.'

"Don't you know that light and the eyes are made for each other, that hunger is intended to be satisfied, that every want implies a corresponding fulness? I needed Christ so bitterly that I reached out the arms of my soul and found that he was there. I proved it, just as truly as the doubting disciple did, when he was allowed to touch his flesh.

"Christ must have lived, men needed him so. Their hearts were breaking under continual questioning of the future. The bravest of the old philosophers sternly resigned themselves to the dismal shades below; lesser men went trembling into the uncertain darkness. It was time for a voice from heaven to assure us that there are many mansions there, and that it is our Father's house.

"Yes, it was true; my father and mother had died, but after that night my agony of grief was over. I had learned that there was, indeed, one in whom we may trust, and who has revealed to the world the soul's immortality."—*Youth's Companion.*

ROB'S FIERY FURNACE.

It was the first night of the fall term. The boys had been busy all the evening unpacking and putting things to rights. Now they were telling each other of the happenings of vacation and planning what they would do this term.

But all the evening Rob had been troubled in spirit and sore perplexed. There had been one happening of the vacation that he had not mentioned to Will; he had sought and found his Saviour. He had chosen Christ for his Master and promised to own and serve him henceforward and for ever. But oh, how could he take his Bible, read his chapter, and then kneel down to pray before Will! Haven't some of you boys an idea how hard a thing it seemed to this young soldier to do?

"It would not do me the least bit of good, I know," he argued to himself. "I shouldn't know a word I was reading, and I am sure that I could not think to pray. It would be much better to do it by myself. I'll tell Will about it when I get a good chance, and of course I will try to have him see from my actions that I have changed."

But all the time there was something kept whispering in Rob's ear, "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

"It isn't denying," he pleaded impatiently with himself. "I wouldn't do that, of course, and I am sure the Bible itself says that we should not pray to be seen of men, but go into our closet and shut the door."

But the little voice would not be silenced, and Rob's face grew more and more perplexed and troubled as he sat there listening to Will, watching the hands of the clock as they moved steadily along towards nine. There were only ten minutes left before the bell would ring. He must decide then one way or the other. It seemed to him that Will might almost hear his heart beat. If only something or somebody would call Will out of the room, or if he would only go to bed and fall directly asleep; but no one came, and there Will sat as contentedly as could be

"It seems good enough to see you again," he said. "But some how it seems to me you're soberer than common. Anything the matter, old fellow?"

It certainly seemed to Rob that his heart stood still for a minute. If he only could tell Will all about it! But somehow he could not get the words out.

"Well," said Will, sitting up, "there goes the bell, and I am ready for it, for I am tired from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I do believe;" and Rob's chance to explain was gone.

What should he do? How could he go to his trunk and get out his Bible, and what would Will say and do? It seemed as if it would be easier if there were others in the room; he would not feel quite so much as if Will were just watching him.

"You won't get to bed to-night, Rob," said Will at last, as Rob pottered about doing this thing and that.

The light was almost out, and Will, with his eyes half shut, was sleepily wondering if Rob could be homesick or what, when all at once the light shone bright as ever, and Rob marched over to his trunk, took out his Bible, and sat down. It seemed to him that he had never felt so mean in all his life as he had in those few minutes of indecision. He remembered how only a few weeks ago in Sunday-school he had been so strong and bitter in his condemnation of Peter for his denial, how he had been unwilling to find any excuse for him. He remembered also how earnestly Miss Mason had cautioned them to watch and pray lest they too should fall in the same way. He had felt almost hurt at her doing so; at any rate he would never be such a mean, ungrateful coward as that. He fancied that he would have done just as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, had done, and chosen the fiery furnace rather than deny his Master. And now to think how near he had come to doing just that! He thought with a hot flush of shame how he had said, the Sunday they had that lesson, that he wished he could have such an opportun ty to own Christ. "The harder it was the happier I would be," he had said.

When he rose from his knees he found Will watching him.

"What's up, old fellow? This is a new wrinkle, isn't it?"

"O Will," he said, speaking hurriedly lest his courage should give out, "I've been such a coward, and I'm so ashamed! I gave myself to Christ this vacation, and I do mean to serve him faithfully, though I almost denied him to-night."

Rob's breath gave out then. He had a feeling that he was right in the midst of his fiery furnace and that the flames would consume him in an instant; but to his surprise, like the three of old he escaped unhurt. Will, whatever he thought, lay down and closed his eyes without a word.

But the next night it was his turn to be troubled in spirit and Rob's to be perplexed. Finally, when Rob took up his Bible, Will spoke from the window where he had stood for five or ten minutes gazing out into the darkness. "If you don't mind and had just as soon—I—don't care if you read out loud."

"O Will!" was all that Rob could say, but his face looked the rest.

"I've been thinking a long time," continued Will, "but I didn't suppose you had. I tried to make an excuse of you, but that won't work any longer and I've about made up my mind, if you don't mind, that we'll pull together."

And for the second time all that Rob could say was, "O Will!" but it meant a great deal and Will knew it.—*Kate S. Gates, in Child's Paper.*

'And then a merry couple show their faces side by side.'

FRIENDS.

The scent of early morning is abroad upon the breeze,
And Tom is in the garden, standing underneath the trees,
While a shower of tiny pebbles proves the trueness of his aim
As they rattle where a creeper twines about a window-frame.

He hasn't long to wait, before the window's opened wide,
And then a merry couple show their faces side by side;
You want to know them, do you? Why that's Charlie Ross and Pete,
As fresh as any larks, and all agog their friend to greet.

"Oh, Tom, old fellow, tell us why you're making such a row."
Says Charlie, and the puppy gives a playful little "wow,"
To supplement the question, as he thinks is only right,
For to copy what his master does is ever his delight.

Now, Tom's a good bit older than his jolly little chums,
But very, very fond of them, and frequently he comes
To call them to the meadow for a romping game to play,
Or to wander through the forest all a happy summer day.

Don't you envy him a little? I confess I really do:
You never saw a more confiding couple than the two;
And Charlie loves his doggie: yes, it's certainly the case,
While Pete adores his owner and reveals it in his face.

They're alike in disposition, I may state it for a fact,
Just a little wild and roguish in the way in which they act
Pete will get into mischief, and Charlie tears his "togs,"
But then, you know, "boys will be boys," and dogs of course are dogs.

They never seem to weary of each other's lively pranks,
Whether rambling by the river or reposing on its banks;
Then, talking of caresses, Pete repays them in a trice,
The only thing, he "slobbers" so, which isn't very nice.

Now isn't it a puzzle? There are people to be found
Who are harsh, and even brutal, to a setter or a hound;
Though a dog that's treated properly will hardly ever fail
To turn out pure devotion, from his muzzle to his tail!

That is rather a digression, and I fear we've missed the "chaff"
From Tom, which makes the pair up at the window fairly laugh!
No matter, we have learnt enough to know the way it ends,
So wish another pleasant day to both the little friends.

FRED EDMONDS.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

A number of years ago an officer of the English government was stationed on duty in the Highlands of Scotland. In attending to the duties of his office he had every day to walk a number of miles through the country. One day, in the course of his walk, without exactly knowing why, he felt a desire to look into a cattle shed, which stood near the side of the road, in a lonely place, far away from any dwelling. On entering it he found, to his surprise, a poor Irish laborer lying there. This man had been engaged, during the summer, in doing field work in that part of the country. As he was on his way home to Ireland, he was taken suddenly sick, and this led him to go into the cattle shed. He had been there a night and part of a day, and when the officer found out how much he was in want of food, he returned to his lodgings, and got for the poor Irishman the food that he needed. Then he made him as comfortable as he could, and promised to call and see him the next day. He kept on doing this for a number of days, till the poor man got well enough to start on his journey to Ireland.

About a year after this had taken place the officer was removed to Ireland. Before he had been there long he met in the street one day the very Irishman to whom he had shown so much kindness in Scotland. The poor man became almost wild with delight on seeing the officer, and shouted out, at the top of his voice: "Here's the man that saved my life." And the kindness of the officer to this man was the means of saving his own life several times. For, during the first year that he was in Ireland, a great famine prevailed there. This led to great suffering, and caused many deaths. On more than one occasion this officer found himself surrounded by men, with pistols in their hands, who were about to kill him; but, as soon as they saw who it was they would cry out: "Sure, and you're the man who saved Pat Mooney's life; we won't hurt you."

And all the time he remained in that district he was known and spoken of by the people as the man who was kind to a poor sick Irishman when far away from home. —*Selected.*

UNEXPLORED.

Is this life worth living?—yes—
Life once given ends no more.
What know we about the land?
We have only touched the shore.

—*William Lyle.*

SIX GIRLS.

BY A. B.

A group of bright eyed maidens gathered one afternoon on the broad shady lawn of the old Lathrop place in the brisk, wide awake, little village of M.

Ethel and May settle down into the hammock. Margaret proves her right to be called strong-minded by her companions by showing herself regardless of the possible onslaught of bugs and beetles in taking the green sward for a chair, and the great trunk of the noble elm for a back to her seat. Lill, bright, audacious Lill, brings grandma's footstool for her own accommodation, and with a contented sigh, plants herself at Miss Lathrop's feet, and Bess and Amy and Madge draw close to the centre of the group. Six bright, happy girls, six earnest young hearts just beginning to realize that being alive means something more than eating and sleeping and frolicking.

"Girls," the teacher began, and the merry chatter ceased, and eyes, blue and gray and brown, turned toward her, "girls, you all heard what Mr. Fremont had to say last Sunday about the state of affairs in Dakota, how girls and boys were crowded into shanties and log houses week after week, while we sat in our comfortable carpeted school-room; how large neighborhoods in some places are entirely without churches; and the people, too poor and too busy to go to a distance, grow careless and indifferent, and the little children are growing up into godless American citizens. Now, girls, here we are, seven of us, what can we do to help?" Then Miss Lathrop picked up her crochet needle, and for the space of half a minute naught was heard but the drowsy, midsummer insect hum.

Then a suggestion came from the hammock: "Have a fair, I suppose."

"Oh! I'm tired and sick of everlasting fairs," quoth Lill, "Let's make some real honest money. I've been thinking a good deal lately, and I don't believe it's exactly giving to take money from our fathers to buy worsted and lace and ribbons, and then take money from our mothers in pay for the fancy things we've made. I had a long think about it Sunday after tea, and know what I'm going to do, and if the rest will each do something, we can make it worth while. Let's each go to work, and do something useful, something that somebody really wants."

"Lill's plan is a good one, I think," said Miss Lathrop, "and I propose we try each in her own way; meet once a month to report, and perhaps get suggestions one from the other, and then, at the end of six months, we will send the profits to some one place. In the mean time I will try to learn particulars of a needy school, and then we will feel that we are working for real girls and boys and not for an object. Lill, let us have the benefit of your ideas. You spoke first."

A flush crept up into the young girl's face. "You know," she began, "they say I make good home-made candies, they always sell well at fairs, and now I mean to let it be understood that I will make them for any one who will buy, and besides, I mean to write out, either in tiny blank books or on stiff cards, about a dozen recipes with very particular directions about the making of the candy, and sell those for about ten cents each."

"Grandma said the other day," spoke up Bess, in answer to a glance from Miss L., "that she would buy cookies from me every Saturday, if I would take the trouble to make them, for it makes her tired now-a-days to stand to roll them out, and in all the forty-five years that Grandma has kept house, I don't believe her cookie pot has been once empty."

"May," said Ethel suddenly to her companion in the hammock, "do you remember that dreadful grease spot on your sleeve where Hal spilt the ice cream last summer?"

"Indeed I do, and I said good-bye to that dress till you wrought some magic with a bit of sponge and an innocent looking bottle: and from that day to this I have never seen the spot."

"I made that cleanser from a recipe Aunt Mary had," answered Ethel, "and I don't see why I can't make it and sell it; I'm sure that is something everybody wants, for as long as there are boys there will be grease spots."

Then it was Mary's turn to speak, and she eagerly broke in, "Mother told me only yesterday that, if I would keep Ted quiet for half an hour every afternoon and teach him his letters, so that he can begin at school in the fall, she would pay me regularly once a week; I thought then I couldn't, he fidgets so, but I want to do my share for Dakota, and I'll try."

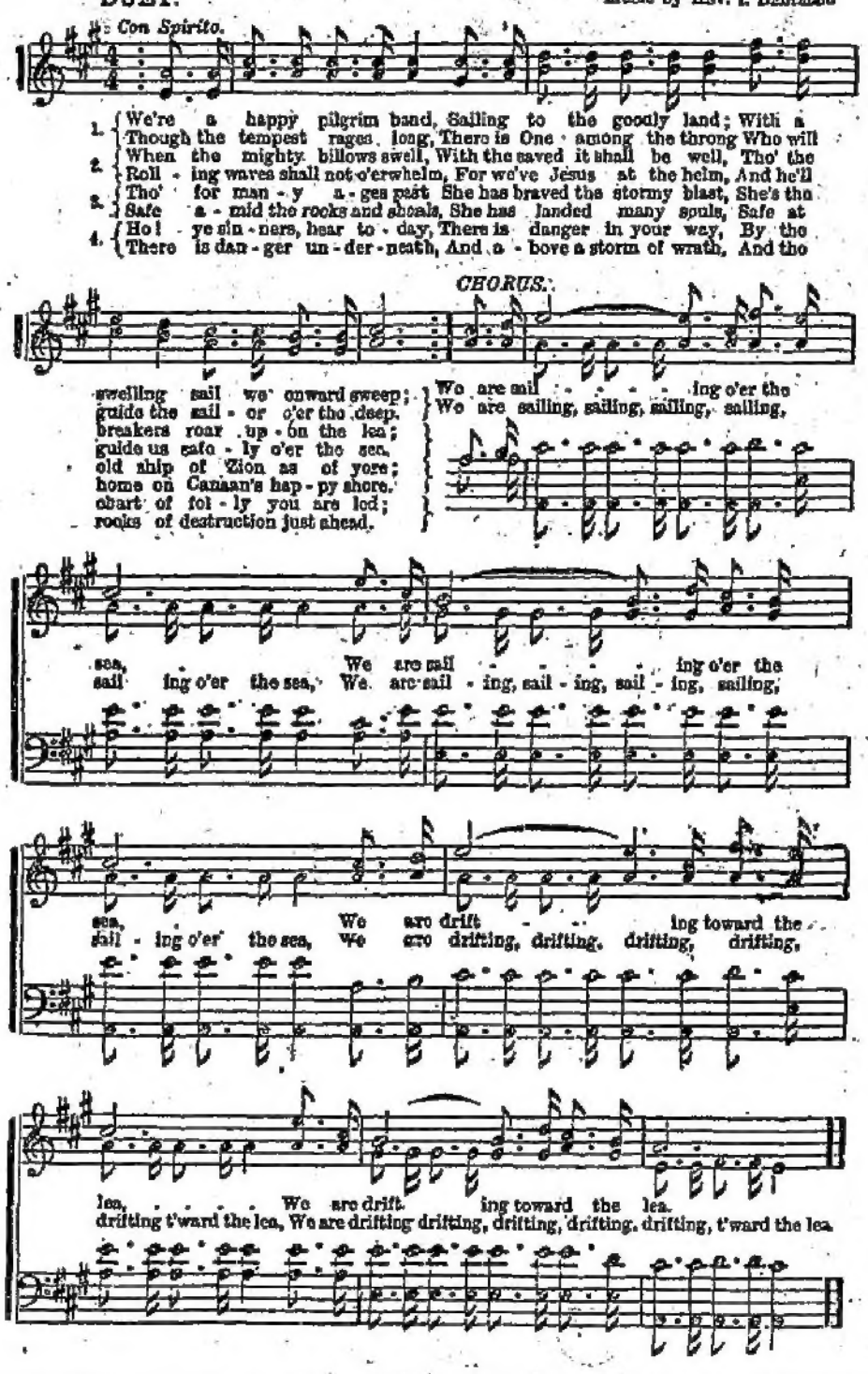
"You know, girls, I've had some missionary hens for a year; I can't neglect little Yank se Miang, or whatever his name is, out in China, but I can have some Dakota hens, too; chickens pay better every year." Thus spoke Margaret.

And dainty Bess promised the proceeds of her brush for six months. The girls all knew that her exquisite dinner cards brought good prices at the store in the city, where her handiwork was always welcomed.

Miss L.'s crochet work fell in her lap. "Well, girls, we've made a beginning. A word to the wise is sufficient, I see, you have left hardly anything for me to choose, but when you all come here four weeks from to-day, I think I'll be ready, and by that time I hope to have some definite knowledge about a church or school house we may help to build. Let us keep before us the thought that we are trying to make good men and women for this, our own dear country, and surely they have a right to the glad tidings as well as we."—*Ex.*

SAILING O'ER THE SEA.

DUET. Music by Rev. I. Baltzell.



"ONE THING AT A TIME."

Concentration of effort will succeed. David said "one thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after." Jesus said, "one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part." Paul said, "This one thing I do." There are many necessary duties which demand our care, and command our interest, yet must not be the engrossing affairs of life. To say ours should be first. If we are truly seeking to live for God's glory, the primary object of Christian life, we cannot be careless toward the salvation of men. With Paul this had become a passion; why not with us also? Upon this work he was fully set even when he wrought with his hands at tent-making. We are the salt of the earth—a penetrating, diffusive power for positive good; we are the light of the world, to shine with heavenly splendor, and thereby guide the feet of the wanderer into the way of eternal life. He who gashes every tree in the forest will bring no wood to the market; he who swings his gun toward each bird which flies will bag no game; nor will you, fisherman, rushing with feverish haste from pool to pool, catch fish.—*George E. Needham.*

Be noble—that is more than wealth;
Do right—that's more than place;
Then in the spirit there is health,
And gladness in the face.
—*George Macdonald.*

ADDRESS.

Address all letters to the *Northern Messenger*, care of John Dougall & Son, 321 and 323 St. James street, Montreal, Que.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the New Club Rates for the Messenger, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy	$ 0 30
10 copies to one address	2 25
20 " " "	4 40
50 " " "	10 50
100 " " "	20 00

Sample package supplied free on application

John Dougall & Son,
Publishers, Montreal.

Montreal Daily Witness, $3.00 a year, post-paid. Montreal Weekly Witness, $1.00 a year, post-paid. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

NEW BIBLE COMPETITION.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES BY YOUNG READERS, THE BEST TO BE PRINTED.

Since the close of our Prize Bible Competition last year the Editor of the *Messenger* has been in constant receipt of letters urging that the plan be continued. These requests were not responded to at once because of the interest of our readers being largely centred in the "Dominion Prize Competition" and one scheme of the kind was considered enough for our young people at a time. These stories are now, however, all written and the few weeks to be spent waiting for the results to be made known, our boys and girls will find quite a good time to launch forth on a new plan of work.

OUR AIM

this year is to so direct the study of our young people that they shall at the end of their term, if we may so call it, be as familiar with the life story of a number of the more prominent characters in the Bible as they are at examination time with any of the kings, queens or notables of whom they have learned in their Canadian, English, or Ancient histories.

OUR PLAN

is to take one character at a time and offer first, second and third prizes for the best story of his or her life, written wholly by the boy or girl who sends it in. All competitors must be under eighteen years. We will begin with

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM.

For the Best short account of the life of Abraham (not exceeding 500 words) we will give a handsome reference Bible.

For the Second Best, also a reference Bible, in a less expensive binding.

For the Third Best a handsome cloth-bound copy of one of "Pansy's" popular stories.

The stories must all be sent in to this office not later than one month after the date of this paper. They must not exceed five hundred words in length, must be written on one side of the paper only, and contain the name, age, and address of the writer clearly written on the upper right hand corner of the first page. Use either note paper, or sheets of foolscap divided in four, and on no account roll the manuscript to send it. In judging of the merits of these, accuracy of detail, composition, writing and general neatness will all be taken into consideration. The best story, with the name of the writer, will be printed when the results are announced. Address all stories.

Northern Messenger Bible Competition,
John Dougall & Son,
Montreal.

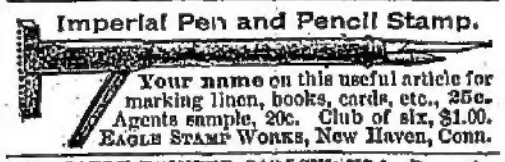
OUR NEW STORY.

The beautiful story of "Laddie" begun on the Family Circle page will run through four or five numbers, and is sure to be enjoyed by both young and old.

JOLLY BABIES.

Is your baby jolly? or is it peevish? Lactated Food nourishes babies perfectly, keeping them healthy. Babies living upon it sleep well nights, laugh and crow days, always plump and happy. Regulates the bowels and helps in teething. At druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Montreal, P. Q.

Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp.



Your name on this useful article for marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents sample, 20c. Club of six, $1.00. Eagle Stamp Works, New Haven, Conn.

RELIABLE PRINTED DIRECTIONS for Preserving Eggs over 18 months 10c E. HORLEY, Vienna, Ont

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal